Facts About Robin Hood.

tinued the old outlaw's life until, resorting

to the priory of Kirkless for surgical aid, he

died from loss of blood, and was buried in the grounds of the priory, now Kirkless Hall, four miles north of Huddersfield, and the seat of the noble family of Armytage.

Still Lives in Tradition.

ure, or the merry outlaw and his men. Lit-

would give it the area of Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire and Barnsdale Forest

in Yorkshire, with a narrow strip of country

leading northeast, through southern York-

shire, to the sea, near Scarborough, the latter being occasionally traversed by the outlaws when too closely pressed by the King's soldiery. In the outlaw's time, but one

highway traversed the region. That was the old Roman road from London to Berwick.

Perhaps half a dozen hamlets, the one

history has been traced back 950 years before

the Christian era and its first inhabitants dug

holes in the rock for homes, and a few chapels, abbeys and priories of the rudest

construction, could have been found in all the area. To-day a forest of chimneys stands where stood the giant English oaks.

You can look from no open spot within it,

without your horizon being clouded with their black silhouettes against a smoke-laden sky. As many hundreds of towns and hamlets are in Robin Hood's Land now as

there were single ones in the archer out-law's time. But near the roaring of the

forge, the clatter of the looms and the mouraful sougs of millions of spindles, like the tiny nests of the meadow larks, escaping

the blades of the reapers, are little nests of English peasants' homes, bits of English

MADAGASCAR AND ITS PEOPLE.

What a Returned American Missionary Says

of the Country.

The natives-that is, the wealthy ones-

of the island have little or no principle,

dealing in slaves like the men of this coun-

try deal in cattle; in fact, they count their

wealth by the number of slaves in their pos-

session." said a returned missionary to a Leadville Democrat man. The government of the island is rather

mixed. A queen rules in the central part,

while all around the coast are to be found kings, who have their little domains. It is

on the coast that the greater number of heathens are found, and on account of the

damp, moist air, it is very hard for a white

The country is very fertile, fine farming

lands abound everywhere; the center of the

island is about 5,000 to 9,000 feet above sea

level, thus making the climate there very

THE SPEED OF LIGHT.

A Danish Astronomer Was First to Discover

Its Rate of Travel.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

the side of the sun nearest to Jupiter, and

With this data as a starting point he soon

found that the difference of apparent time resulted from the time required for light to

travel across the diameter of the earth's

orbit, about 182,000,000 miles. This time

proved to be about 16 minutes, and as half

that would be the time from the earth to the

sun the mystery was solved. The accuracy

of this calculation has since been verified by other methods, and all authorities now agree

that the velocity of light is not far from

A NEAT PARLOR TRICK.

Surning a String Without Having Its Bur-

den Fall to the Floor.

Dip a thread in strong salt water, then dry

in succession, but do it secretly, so that your thread may appear to

the audience like any ordinary

thread. Suspend to it as light a

ring as you can get, then set fire

to the thread, which will burn from one end to the other, and the

light ring attached. Be careful that the operation is not exposed to

Tells why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is

draft, says the Boston Globe.

t thoroughly. Do this two or three times

later when farthest away.

186,000 miles a second.

man to live there.

good and healthy.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

ncient city of Nottingham, so old that its

who was constantly collecting his troops and fighting bloody battles, but he lived quietly at his court in Seeland, at peace with all his neighbors and much loved by his subjects. Wadni's only son, Wieland, was at 9 years of age very small, and it was were envious of the King.

But Wieland's trials were not yet at an end. Many of King Raman's subjects were envious of the King's attention to the

his son to the dwarfs, who lived in Mount Carnot, many, many miles from Seeland. These dwarfs had great skill in working in Wieland should study with them, he must become a renowned man. The giant then journeyed with his son to Carnot, where the dwarfs willingly undertook the education of the young Wieland. It was agreed that Wadn should leave his son with the dwarfs for one year, and, at the end of that time, for one year, and, at the end of that time, iron and steel, and it was prophesied that, if

Wieland proved himself a ready pupil, and long before the year had passed, he equaled his instructors in knowledge. The dwarfs, who were really a wicked and cruel people, became envious of their bright pupil. and plotted how they might destroy him.
Only fear of the giant kept them from killing him outright. At the appointed time
Wadni again went to Mount Carnot for his
the death of the giant Wadni's only son, and plotted how they might destroy him. son. The dwarts said to him:
"Your son is learning well. Leave him

with us for another year and then his skill will be such that he will be tamous through-

The giant, Wadni, was no great warrior, the was constantly collecting his troops and fighting bloody bettler bettler by the light. work. The giant's son now lived happily Jutland, and was a great favorite with

a great grief to the giant that his child should be no larger than common men. But he loved the boy, and determined that if he could not be recognized among the race of giants, he should be an honor to his father.

Wadni was advised by his friends to take his son to the dwarfs who lived in Mount. back to the mountain stream from which he started. He made his way to the dwarfs' cave, and there again led his lonely life, fashioning articles from iron and steel, and also from silver and gold, as the dwarfs had

> and now he was helpless in the hands of his tormeutors. He was seized and carried back to Jutland, and although he repeatedly de-clared his innocence, the king gave no heed to his words, and ordered that on the follow-ing day he should be executed, in the pres-

suddenly, a loud roaring poise was heard, as if a great storm at sea was raging. The sound came nearer and nearer, always grow-ing louder and louder. The earth trembled Wadni consented to go away without his and the people were pale with fright



son; but he said to Wieland: "I fear les the dwarfs my provefalse to the trust I have given to them. In this thicket of thorbushes, I shall conceal a sword, and should your life be in danger, fight bravely; for this is a magic weapon, and is a true pro-As the months passed by, Wadni became so anxious to see his dear child, that several weeks before the second year was at an end, ing that in a few days he would return and bring his son with him, But when the dwar s saw Wadni approaching the moun-

and then we can easily destroy the son. Having thus spoken, the dwarfs concealed themselves behind a great rock overhanging the path through which Wadni should pass. As the giant appeared below them, the dwarfs, by means of their combined strength, roushed the rock from its place, and down the mountain it went, carrying with it smaller stones, trees and earth, under which the great body of Wadni was buried. That night Wieland overheard the dwar's talking of his father's death and their plot against himsel. Recalling the last words the giant had said to him, the boy hastened to the thicket of thorn bushes, and there found the sword, with which he returned to the dwarfs, and said: "I have heard how you killed my father and now wish to take

my life. But I fear you not. With this sword I shall destroy you all." The dwarfs laughed scornfully at the thought of Wieland, alone, being sole to overcome so great a number; but they did not know the power of the magic weapon, and one after the other fell under its blows until Wieland was left alone in the great mountain, where there was no human dwelling to be seen. He now knew not where to turn. The way to Seeland was long and dangerous, and he had no guide to lead him He feared to wander far from the cave, lest he should be lost in the forest or be devoured by the wild beasts. For several days Wieland led a very lovely lite. The workshop, in which he had spent so many happy hours, seemed dull and gloomy, and the boy thought only of how he could get away.

Finally this plan came to his mind. He

cut down a large tree and carried it to the edge of a swift mountain stream. He then hollowed out the tree, and in one end placed sufficient food to last him for many days; and in the other end he put his tools and a quantity of iron and steel. For the opening which he had cut in the tree, Wieland made a plate of steel which fitted like a door, and was so thin that it was almost transparent, and allowed the air to pass through. The boy then pushed this strange craft out into the stream, and having sprung in, was carried down by the mountain to rent into wide rivers, and thence into the sea. For eight days the boat drifted hither and thither, carried about by the wind and the waves, until finally it landed on the shore of Jutland, where King Raman ruled. The people wondered greatly over the sight of this odd-looking boat, and wished to cut it open. When Wieland understood their words, he cried out from within. At the sound of his voice, the people fled in terror, thinking that some evil spirit was in the old tree trunk. But Wieland opened the steel door and came forth. He was at once carried to the King, who was so pleased with the boy, that when he had heard his story, he said: "I know not where Seeland is, so cannot take you to your home; but you shall remain here as

one of my servants, and be well cared for It happened one day that Wieland while washing the King's knife on the shore of let it fall into the water and it disappeared from sight. The boy at once ran to his boat, which had been left on the abore, and with the tools and materials which he had brought from the desired. he had brought from the dwarfs' gave be constructed another knife so beauti-

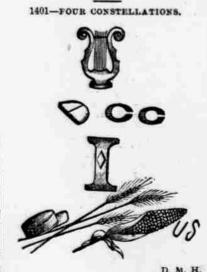
and cried aloud in their terror. A moment later a hundred huge elephants were seen, drawing large iron chariots, in which sat giants of such immense size that the people of Jutland appeared as the smallest of dwarfs in comparison with them. The fore most giant sprang from his chariot, and in a voice of thunder cried: "Touch one hair of that boy's head and my beasts shall trample you under their feet. This is our king's son, and we have come to take him to his

King Raman and his people fell on their knees and begged for mercy, which was granted to them. Wieland was then given a place in one of the chariots and taken back tain, they said among themselves: "Here comes the giant for his son. The boy is now acquainted with all our art. He will spread his knowledge through the country, and soon all the people in Seeland will be as wise as weare. Let us kill the giant, and the wear and coefficients and taken back to Seeland. Here he could pursue, undisturbed, the arts he had learned with the dwarts. When he had reached the proper as wise as weare. Let us kill the giant, which was made, as his father had been, king of the country, and the wear and coefficients and long properties. King of the great race of the giants. PAYSIE.

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly-Home

Address communications for this depa. '-E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.



1402-SYNCOPATION. 1402—SYNCOPATION.

To whole or last—that caused the strife Between John Bowman and his wife; For John, a peaceable bread-winner, Had brought a chicken home for dinner, And, while in the kitchen looking. Expressed his preference for the cooking. "You must ushole it," said John Bowman "I will last it," said the woman. "I will not eat it if you last it, But through the window I will east it," Said the busband in a loud voice. Said the busband in a loud voice. Said Mrs. B.: "I'll have my choice, And I would sooner take a lickin' Than at your bidding whole the chicken." He said no more. She gained the day.
Which proves the adage, I should say,
That women always have their way.
The inference we may further draw
That every woman's will is law.
NELSONIAN.

1403-TRANSPOSITION. First is to cease quite suddenly, To fall, to end, to die; You understand that much, I see, By the sparkle in your eye.

The ready-witted needs no two
To make him see a point;
Just give him any little clew
And he'll the thing unjoint.
BITTER SWEET.

1404—OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.

1. A letter. 2. A kind of tray for carrying mortar. 3. Parts of harness. 4. Pertaining to Rome. 5. An inhabitant. 6. Makes a hissing noise. 7. A small cell. 8. The organic nitrogenized matter of the nerve fibers and cells. 9. Those who slide. 10. A clyster. 11. An epoch. 12. A letter, Solon.

1405-DECAPITATION.

His beart with strong emotions fired. When listening with enraptured sense To thrilling words of eloquence of the glorious or atoric art. Has power to reach the dullest heart, To rouse the feelings from their sleep, To make us laugh, to make us weep. The orator whose soul is stirred. To make us laugh, to make us weep. The orator whose soul is stirred Gives force expressive to each word: His gestures, look, and manner speak—His sparkling eys, his blood-flushed cheek, Each and all in action brought, Hesponsive to the speaker's thought. His language of is whole and grand, With theme that may such style demand; But when indignant at some wrong. That fills his soul with hatred strong, His load and glowing brow reveals His last and glowing brow reveals. The strong emotion that he feels.

> 1406-NUMERICAL CHARADE. 1-2-3-4.

NELSONIAN.

I'm not a messenger of joy;
It is my mission to destroy.
When like a meteor I fall,
To stoutest hearts I give appail.
When struck upon a bell, no harm
I do, nor cause the least alarm.

3-5-6-7-8-9. Two kinds of shrubs I represent,
And I am also a cement.
A well-known resm, too, am I,
In tears of half-transparency.
In varnishes I am infused:
In medicine I'm also used.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9. I am high-sounding, and display
My bluster in a swaggering way;
Inflated, too, in manner shown;
By talk pedantic and high-flown,
For I describe the man whose bump
Of self-esteem shows a large lump.
J. McK.

1407-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. To cover with morbid matter, as the tongue, 8. Plows of peculiar construction. 4. Certain plants sacred to Venus. 5. Fractions of a unit divided into two-score equal parts. 6. Refinement. 7. Persons to whom releases are given. 8. Vessels used in the Mediterranean. 9. Avoids. 10. A town in Spain, 11. A letter. H. C. BURGER.

1408-ANAGRAM. He who is whole all can discern
Is one who has an "EVIL TUEN,"
He's one who loses self-control,
and has a demon in his soul;
One who when vexed will rant and rave,
One who is rash in word and deed.
A scale last a proving week. A social pest, a noxious weed; One whom society abhors, One whom society abhors,
For with society he wars.
He gives to anger fullest sway,
And reason's voice does not obey;
His temper roused, he vents his wrath
On those who chance to cross his path;
He is malignant in his spite,
And always ready for a fight.
With such a one no friendship make,
But shun him as you would a snake.
J. McK.

1409-CHARADE. On beggar's or on monarch's head, The first is always on the watch; The second often has been read, In a conjunction's useful notch, By many a boy, his sentences construing, In some old Latin book, with brain all stew-

"Now, what is the chief end of man.
A teacher to a pupil said;
(A grimace o'er his features ran),
"Why, teacher, it must be his head."
Chief end am I of any undertaking,
Of work for fame, or gain, or puzzle-making.
CARL GREY.

FEBRUARY PRIZES. A handsome prize will be presented the sender of each of the best three lots of answers to the puzzles published in February. The solutions must be forwarded in weekly installments. A lively competition was that of January. Let

this be even more so. ANSWERS. 1891-Parents, guard well your children's foot-DAYCOAL 1 GNEATE NEEDLES

399—Sentiment, sentient, 399—Brooks, rooks; pride, ride; mend, end; one, one. 1400—Sortilegious.

TWO WAIFS FROM THE ORIENT.

Syrian Children Find Comfortable Homes in Cincinnati.

The two Syrian children who were received at the Children's Home some time ago are rapidly picking up many English words, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Sophia, the little girl, who is 8 years old, is learning rapidly, and readily understands what is said to her. The little boy, Yusef, who is 5 years old, can only speak a few words of English, but heartily joins in the sport of his companions at the Home.

The story of the little wanderers is a sad one. They arrived in this country with their mother, who had fled from her drunken nusband about a year ago. Mrs. Kather is a converted Syrian, and immediately on her arrival in New York went to live in the Syrian colony, earning her living by selling Oriental ornaments. She had been there about three months when her husband, who had followed her all the way from Syria, ar-

Fre a time he did not abuse her, but soon got into Nis old habits of abusing her and the children and spending her hard-carned money for drink. Again Mrs. Kather left her drunken husband and fled to Chicago. She was nicely settled when her husband found out her whereabouts and followed her. She was living in the Syrian settlement, and, as in New York, was selling fancy orna-ments. He made no attempt to work, but lived off her hard-earned money, spending the most of it in drink. They were in this distressing condition when Rev. Selim Mog-habebat, a professor of the Mt. Lebanon habghat, a professor of the Mt. Lebanon College in Syria, who is traveling in this country, met them. As the father was almost crazy and had several times tried to kill the children, Rev. Moghabghat paid the little ones' fares to this city and had them put in the Children's Home. Their mother has again left her husband, and is

Here is a puzzle for the little folks. Place the point of a pencil at A and trace the

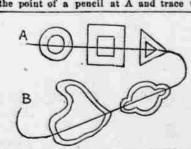


diagram without lifting the pencil and without going over the same line twice.

A California Story.

We are using a machine in California, says Senator Stanford, to cut our grain which reaps a swath 42 feet wide, threshes the grain as it goes along, puts it in bags, which men stitch up and drop in the field, and the same machine rakes the straw in and burns it for fuel upon that reaper. Now, if you could only apply water to a condition of things like that, you would have perpetual motion.

MOTHERS should bear in mind that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is harmless to children. It contains no injurious subto children. It contains no injurious substance. They incur no risk when they give it even to bables. Then long experience has shown that it is especially adapted for the cure of coughs and colds incident to childhood. It cures them promptly, and is pleasant and safe for them to take. When the cure of coughs and colds incident to childhood. It cures them promptly, and is pleasant and safe for them to take. When the cure of coughs are constant and safe for them to take. When they give immortal with these, because, as a "leveller" of rank and class, he represents an undefinable yet certain power to buffet the church and the nobility. He is a resoure of maids in distress and men in duress. He embodies the unconscious yet universal leandant of the very best sellers I every best s

DISPATCH,

Places in England That Lend Reality to the Pretty Stories

OF KING ARTHUR AND ROBIN HOOD.

The Heroes Live in Traditions That Weren't Inspired by Pens.

STORIES OF SCOTLAND AND IRELAND

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, Jan. 23.-The longer one wanders in England, Scotland and Ireland, the more encompassing and impressive becomes that charm growing out of what may be termed literary identification. Over there in Ireland what can be more fascinating than a silent ramble about slumberous old Youghal and up drowsy Kılcolman way? There Raleigh and Spenser lived, loved and wrought. Tramping from Killarney to Cabersiveen, one lingers lovingly at Carhan Bridge; for beside it, the great O'Connell was born. Who but a bigot can climb the Rock of Cashel without subdued and reverential feeling from the historic and sacred surroundings; or as one of the "valets, porteurs de la cham-who, but an insensate, shudders not bre" in the royal household. He reat Boyne and Aughrim where the life of a nation broke in its last wild throb upon river and morass? Then, at Slane, who can fail of awe in the presence of prehistoric monuments rivaling the pyramids themselves? To stand upon Tara's Hill, in Meath, and in lancy see St. Patrick, unmindful of the treachery planning his death, with his eight devoted foilowers, coming up the royal hill, chanting his prayer, "May the word of God render meeloquent!" to forever dim the fires of Belltaine with the sacred flame of Christianity through the conversion of King Laeghaire, and the over-throw of paganism in Ireland, is to come with startling tenderness close to an inspired career of one who lived but to bless, nearly 1,500 years ago. Vague and far it was to you before. But you feel and know the story now. Scotland's Interesting Spots.

In all that can be read of the "Land o' Cakes," how the true feeling is lacking, un-Cakes, how the true feeling is facking, un-til one weds presence and actuality with the toneless tales of words. To know the weird straths and glens of the North, to breathe their air, drink in their wild and gorgeous colorings, to listen to the roar of their glo-rious waterfalls, to sail over their silent lochs, to tremble in their mighty storms, is to come very close in thought and sympathy to that grand and noble race which all the Roman legions could not conquer. Its des-perate, tateful loyalty to the House of Stuart can never be fully understood until you have tramped from the Western Ocean to the German, and wandered on Culloden

Maebeth, King Duncan and Malcolm Canmore, are mere creatures of Shake-speare's fancy, until you find in the musty records of old Inverness that they once walked its streets with all of your own passion, hope, ambition: and until you have stood on Tomnahaurich, by the Ness-side, you have never really known Hugh Miller, stonemason, great heart and sage. Scott, the "Ettrick Shepherd," Carlyle, even Burns himself, are half ideal, until you have stood by the Ettrick and Varrow have stood by the Ettrick and Yarrow, sadly left the princely Abbotsford, shud-dered at the dolorous dearth and meanness of Carlyle's boyhood home at Ecclefechan, and heard with your own hearing the melo dious songs of the Nith and the Doon.

What England Offers. If this is true of Ireland and Scotland how infinitely more impressive is this identi-fication to the average American pilgrim in England, the motherland of our own race and tongue. A mighty volume, and a sweet and tender one withal, could be made, relegating apparent realities to their home in myth-land, and beckening from the realms of legend and tradition the actual beings whom imagery first swept from reality, and whom successive centuries of poetic fancy, shared alike by us from childhood to manhood, have placed further and further be-hind the ever loved veilings of mystery and

No two characters in the semi-mythology of Britain are better illustrations than those of King Arthur and Robin Hood, Antitypes as they were and are, the one the embodiment of the loftiest and noblest quali-ties in ruler and mun, the other, jocund Anarchist and Puckish freebooter and "leveller" of his time, both are objects of equal, though unlike, devotion not only in the literature of centuries, but in the breasta of millions who speak the English tongue. The most curious thing about these two characters is that the least aids to identification are found among the high-minded cation are found among the high-minded and learned. Literature universally places them in shadow-land. But go where you may among the English lowly, King Arthur is really there; Robin Hood, with his mithful Little John, Friar Tuck and their hundred archers bold, are ever a goodly company, a helpfui, unconscious, ethical counterpoise, it has sometimes seemed to me, where burdens and impositions of caste and condition are most grievous and sore to abide.

Once Really Existed.

A few years of wandering among the British lowly, more than all reading and study, have convinced me that both King Arthur and Robin Hood once really existed and lived much the same manner of lives as the song and ballad makers, altogether responsible for their legendary character, have shadowed forth. I can take you into thousands of cabins in Devonshire, Cornwall, and in Brittany—for King Arthur is even more a god to the Britons than to the West of Eagland Armorican Celts—where books are unknown; where no manner of literature ever came; where history of clan and sept have been preserved from father to son, where the Arthurian legends live more bright and glowing than all the printed tales of the Round Table. These absolutely bookless folk will take you to the very land-ing place of King Uther; show you the real remains of the twin castles Tintagel and Terrabil; relate how Uther Pendragon besieged the Duke of Cornwall, slew him, and the same day wed his widow, Ygrayne, to whom the child, Arthur, was born, and reared by the enchanter, Merlin, under good Sir Ector's care, who restored to him the kingdom of Cornwall on Penuragon's death; how the noble King Arthur instituted the Order of Knights of the Round Table, whose saintly acts in the service of God and man, until they fell into sin, were deeds of good and glory; how Arthur loved only and wed Guinevere, betrayed by Launcelot; and, at last, receiving his death wound in battle with his rebellious nephew's forces at Camelford (which the poets make Camelot),
Arthur bade the loyal knight, Sir Bedever,
carry him to Dozmare Pool, fling his sword
Excalibur therein, when a boat, rowed by
three queens, appeared. Into this Arthur
was lifted and borne away to the island vale
of Arthur his grizones wound might of Avillion, that his grievous wound might be heated.

His Spirit Yet Returns. These folk s.y, and believe, that Arthur is still in fairyland; that his spirit often re-turns in the guise of a bird, the chough, hov-ering about the old scenes with pathetic

murmurings, and that he will surely "come again,"
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life, beloved England. Literature never provided an hundred thousand bookless folk with this. It remains, because in it has been preserved, without books, a fadeless

In like manner Robin Hood's Land be comes the whole or England. Piercing that the sober English pensant and the grave English workman, have minds full enough MANAGING SERVANTS.

ing toward Communism among the English lowly. Above all, he is the luminous type of that dearest thing to every lowly Briton's heart, "fair play," whether in frolic, free-booting or fight. Fairly defined, Robin Hood's Land comprises the shires of Nottingham and Lincoln with the southern half The Ladies of Washington All Have a Tale of Woe to Tell. of Yorkshire. There is not a plowman, forester, gamekeeper, and, I would almost venture to say, any human being among the lowly, outside the factories, in this portion

COOKING SCHOOLS ARE NEEDED.

of Eugland, who has not a clearer conception of the life, character and exploits of the merry outlaw than all books could give. How General Grant Introduced Discipline Into His House. As is well known, the manuscript and old-record researches by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, an assistant keeper of the public records of England, made public in 1852,

JAPANESE MAID'S IDEAS ON BABIES

placed fairly within the domain of authentic history the facts concerning the actual ex-istence and career of Robin Hood. He was born about 1290. His family were of some station and scated at Wakefield. With many others he became an outlaw from hav-CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, Jan. 31 .- The Presidental question, the Indian question and the Farmers' Alliance question are all being discussed by the men of Washington, but ing esponsed the cause of the uncortunate the question that is nearest to every Eurl of Lancuster. He retreated with a hunwoman's heart is the servant girl question. dred or more of his comrades to the depths of Sherwood Forest, not a score of miles from his birthplace. By their unequaled skill in archery; godless pranks with lords and bishops; robberies of the high to share nouncement:

And now a servant girl society has been or-ganized in Gotham for the protection of mis-tress and maid. The society demands that with the lowly; and their adequate wits in all exigencies; they secured the loyalty of peasantry roundabout and put to defiance the entire forces of the crown.

At this juncture King Edward wisely pardoned Robin Hood, giving him service each servant on leaving her mistress shall leave behind her a reference of "character." The reference shall state whether the mistress bas been mild-tempered or severe, liberal or "pru-dent," subject to "company" or not, etc. The mistress also gives a reference. In this way both parties are suited, neither is imposed mained for more than a year; to which existing vouchers for his payment attest. But the hunger for the greenwood was too strong. Begging the King for permission to visit the old chapel at Barnsdale, it was granted "for a s'ennight." Having once rejoined his comrades, he could not again be persuaded to leave them; and he continued the old couldness. upon, and the world wags harmoniously on.

The fact is that the relations of mistress and servant are rapidly changing. The servants gain in power every day, and they seem to also gain in inefficiency and ignorance. One-half the talk of Washington society, I blush to say it, relates to serv-ants, and the ladies here are discussing whether it might not be possible to bring about a reform in the education of their servants and in the rules respecting them.

The White or the Black.

But, precisely as I have found with the The question of colored servants versus Cornish and Devonshire peasantry in iden-tification of King Arthur and his land, it is white servants is an important one where about one-third of the population is made up of negroes, and I find a general desire among the leading ladies of the land that schools for the training of servants should be established here and throughout the country. There seems this week in interamong the lowly of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire that are discovered innumerable proofs, in tradition, ballad and nomenclaterature has not created these for the delectacountry. I have spent this week in interviewing some of our most noted ladies on the servant girl question. I have taken the tion of an ignorant peasantry. The peasantry themselves have furnished, by word of month; the material—and but an infinitesiexperienced housekeepers among the states-men's wives and I find that every woman mal portion has been utilized-enabling writers old and new to transfer the real has her own ideas on the subject and that Robin Hood to the Robin Hood of fiction many of them are good ones. and song.

A close defining of Robin Hood's land

one of my first visits was to Mrs. Proctor, the wife of the Secretary of War, who will this winter assume held rightful position among the ladies of the Cabinet, as well as at the head of her household, which she was last season compelled to resign to her niece, Mrs. Carey and her daughter, on account of her devotion to her invalid son. Mrs. Proc-tor said: "With the exception of my cook and waiter, both of whom are colored, I have brought with me from New England most of my help. Last year I had an Irish maid and laundress, but this season I have secured

A Young Swiss Girl.

"I find the Swiss to be a most thrifty, hard-working class. This girl will perform the ducies of maid, and I have so far found that servants among the Swiss seem to pos-sess an innate adaptability and quickness of perception that is largely in their favor above others. You would be surprised to knew how ambitious the lower classes among the race are to make for themselves home and a community in America. Their only drawback to the successful ac-complishment of the desire is the fact that they have as yet few churches established in our midst. Being a clannish community, they find it difficult to mingle with strangers at their worship. I am of the opinion the courses and everything in as nice order that it would be as well to organize a society

English peasants' homes, bits of English copse and hedge, and patches of ancient English oak, which modern industry and modern landlordism have not quite effaced; and it is among these, seeking the wraiths and traditions of the olden Robin Hood's Land and the new, that we will go pilgriming in our next.

In that it would be as well to organize a society for the training of servants, or any of the other accomplishments by which they expect to earn their living.

Mrs. Senator Sherman thinks the most efficient remedy for the present evil of poor service and dishonesty among those employed would be the organization of a training of Mr. Austin Herr. Mr. Herr is a ployed would be the organization of a training of millionaire. He went to Japan as year ago ing school in conjunction with the colored public schools of the District. She tells me that for nearly 20 years she had the same

Typical Old Virginia Darkey,

whom she secured at the close of the war, and who, according to the custom of all Southern households in ante bellum days, was instructed almost from infancy in the essential rudiments of her art. "Unfortunately, continued she, "old Fanny has at length grown incapacitated for active work, and I am compelled to employ a younger woman. I have been busy at the week initiating the new cook, but I am thankful to have accomplished the worst part of the work in the selection from among a throng of applicants by wnom I have been besieged. I begin to appreciate the anaovances of those who are less fortunate than myself, and who have been compelled to change from one month to another.

"I remember," she went on, "what a try-ing experience of this kind Mrs. Grant had during her early life in Washington, and during the time of the General's command. She was continually being annoyed by first one servant and then another refusing to perform certain duties in order to shift them off upon the shoulders of other servants. At length affairs reached such a climux that it was almost impossible to obtain any atten-

General Grant Settled Them

It was the great fortune of a Danish "When the state of affairs became apastronomer to make the discovery that light, parent to the General he called the domestics as well as sound, requires a given time to together, and with military precision aptravel a given distance. Roemer, the famous portioned to each his separate duties, d Dana alluded to, was lead to his discovery manding unquestioning obedience in all respects upon pain of instant dismissal. by observations of the eclipses of Juniter's After this the work was harmoniously ac-complished and complaints were no longer moons. He tound that there was a difference of several minutes in these eclipses, that they occurred earlier when the earth was on

"I think that an overstrained spirit of

independence is an American fault, and quickly influences those who dwell for a while among us. As an example of this I recall the time of our home life at Mansfield, O There were many Germans living there most of whom came over to act as servants and very good ones they made, but the second generation invariably reaped the benefit of their parents' thrift, and, marrying wellto-do tradesmen, would enjoy homes of their own. I remember one family of Germans nine in number, each of whom upon coming to the country obtained employment in resi-dent tamilies, and by careful management laid by sufficient to purchase a large brick house, after which they lived together in domestic comfort, and nothing would induce one of their children to accept a servant's position. Unless some effort is made before long to destroy this inlee idea of independence, every mistress will have to be her own maid and every householder his own serv-

Story of Mrs. President Hayes.

Mrs. Cullom, wife of the Illinois Senator, I found at her handsome Massachusetts avenue home, having but recently returned from the West. A soft-voiced, neat-looking white maid opened the door and ushered me from one end to the other, and the spectators will be surprised to see the ring suspended by the ashes of the string which has just been destroyed byfore their eyes. In reality the fibrous part of the thread has been burned, but there remains a small tube of salt solid enough to bear the weight of the light ring attached. Be careful up into the large square parlor on the second floor. Mrs. Cullon replied to my question concerning her experience with servants, that she had brought her cook and housemaid with her from Illinois, as she was surprised to find that of those who hired out as professional waitresses very few knew even

how to set a table properly.

"With the exception of my coachman, a colored man," she said, "I prefer Irish domestics, or rather, those of Irish descent. One of the most original arrangements within my experience was the case of Mrs.

President Hayes. It was during a visit paid
us some years since by the ex-President and
his wife that I learned, to my surprise, that so popular wherever known. Mr. L. G. Moore, the leading druggist at Point Arens, Cal., says: "I have sold Chamberiain's Cough Remed; for more than a year, and find it one of the very best sellers I ever kept in stock. But that is not all; the remedy gives satisfaction to my engages." Mr. Hayes' valet also performed the duties of maid to his wife, that is, he personally of maid to his with the large special superintended their sleeping apartments, and with his own hands each morning laid one extended the adornments of her toilet. I never could the adornments of her toilet. I never could understand this fancy on Mrs. Hayes' part, still with her it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and certainly the valet

was most conscientious and efficient in the performance of his rather unusual role.

Good Ideas From Mrs. Vance. Mrs. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, Mrs. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, has had many years' experience of house-keeping, and by her education in a luxurious Southern home is capable of a just estimation of the servant question. "What has been your experience with servants since you came to Washington?" I asked.
"To tell the truth," she answered, "I have been exceptionally fortunate, having brought my cook with me from the South many years are and with her husband as

many years ago, and with her husband as waiter, I have never enjoyed greater comfort in housekeeping, notwithstanding the fact that the man was a divinity student and spent most of the morning at college. He conscientiously performed every duty before leaving each day, and proved an accomplished waiter. My greatest trouble has complished waiter. My greatest trouble has always been with my coachman. It seems to me from personal experience that as a race, colored coachmen make it a business of getting drunk every night; doubtless from the constant exposure of their life, they are more susceptible to temptation of that kind. Something ought certainly to Not long ago there appeared in the columns of a New York newspaper the following antion is, 'What?' There is a fine field for missionary work in this respect could an in-terest be aroused among charitable people in our midst.

Effect of Discipline

"Another system of securing good service is to be strict in our management and never to perform a duty that has been wilfully neglected by a domestic. One of the very best housekeepers, as well as the most respecied mistress I ever knew, was a Ken-tucky woman, who told me that the true secret of her success with good servants was that she never overlooked the smallest neglect of duty, but never forgot that they were human beings and required little indulgences and some time for leisure after the regular work of the day was performed. In this way she retained their affection, as well as their respect, and the machinery of the household moved on oiled wheels. I most sincerely indorse the proposal for the or-ganization of a training school for young olored girls in the District."

One of the most practical managers is Mrs. Morcon, wife of the Vice President. I am told that she employs some 18 or 20 servants. Seventeen of these, all white, were brought from the North last winter, and so systematic is the household that there is never any clashing of duties. Mrs. Morton, notwithstanding all her social obligations, regularly oversees the arrangement for each day, and holds a morking interview, first with the cook and atterward with each employe in turn. In this way there is no hitch, and the usual conflicting worries of housekeeping are avoided. Had to Make a War Talk,

Mrs. Stewart, the wife of the Nevada statesman, tells me her patience has been exhausted with the continuous discord among her maid servants until at length she has been compelled to call a meeting and settle differences over work by a reg-nlar war talk and by laying down a distinct law for each. Madame Routero employs mixed help, and finds that as a general rule the apparently conflicting nationalities agree remarkably well. She has a French cook, an Irish maid and a colored butler and tootman. Her greatest trouble has always been with the scullion, who is seldom retained for any length of time. Senator Stanford has a Chinese cook, and

these Chinese make as good cooks as you will find in the world. The Chinaman can earn anything, and after a few lessons he will beat the Frenchman himself at getting up a good dinner. An ex-Minister to China lately said: "When I arrived at my post I ound that the cook whom my Secretary Legation had engaged for me was a juli-blooded Chinaman. I expected a diet of rice and rats, and was surprised to find my first meal the best I had ever sat down to. have never seen a cook who could beat this as you could get it at Delmonico's or the Grand Hotel de Paris."

and was so delighted with the people that when he came back he could do nothing until he had sent for this nurse. The family were pleased with her when she came, but it was noticed at once that she possessed queer ideas of baby farming. She had a strange fascination for carrying the baby downward, with apparent unconsciousness of the danger to the child. After serious admonitions, however, she was finally induced to correct the habit, and taught to push the infant out tucked snugty up in its pretty pink-lined

carriage.

All went well until one day the neighbors noticed a peculiar performance that they were not long in communicating to the parents. It seems that no sooner had the nurse and child disappeared around the corner of the street, out of sight of the dwelling, than the nurse would earefully gather the garments about the feet of the baby, and quickly dragging it forth would treat it to a succestion of rapid whirls, and then seeming well pleased with the exercise, carefully restore the child to its carriage, and with apparent unconcern quietly continue her walk. MISS GRUNDY JE

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